

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. XII.

DECEMBER, 1846.

No. 6.



Pilgrimages.

MECQA, in Arabia, is the burial-place of Mohammed, the founder of the Mohammedan religion. His body is deposited in a temple there, and it is supposed that it imparts a sacred and holy character to the place. To enjoy the benefit of this religious influence, many thousands of pilgrims travel yearly from all parts of the Mohammedan territories. They go in large companies, some on camels, some on horses, and some on foot. Many thus travel one or two, or even three, thousand miles.

It may seem strange that superstition should exert such an influence on mankind; yet so it is, and so it has been, among the ignorant of all ages. The pilgrims suppose that by this act they insure salvation in a future life.

This idea of deriving religious benefit from distant and painful journeys to some sacred spot, has been entertained by Christian nations. Some hundreds of years ago, pilgrims from all parts of Europe were in the habit of travelling to Jerusalem, under the notion that they

could wipe out their sins, and enjoy peculiar religious privileges, in the place where our Savior died for mankind. Accordingly, they visited Jerusalem, going on foot; and, in order to heighten the merit of their devotion and their sacrifices, they would sometimes put peas into their shoes; as if they were pious and good in proportion to the misery they inflicted upon the body.

These things appear very ridiculous to us, who know that true religion consists in a pure heart, and not a lacerated body; in love to God and man, and not self-torment; in doing good and promoting happiness, not in promoting misery. But we must not be too severe in judging the Mohammedans of the present day, or the Christians of past times; for some, who claim to be Christians, now consider kneeling down on hard stones, whipping one's back till the blood flows, and things of the kind, as sure methods of pleasing God. What a strange opinion these people must have of the Deity!

A Child's First Knowledge of Death.

MARY was about four years old, and her brother Charles was in his third year. A more lovely pair of children never blessed the eyes of the same mother; yet never did two present a greater contrast. They were both remarkably fair, with sunny locks and blue eyes; but the girl was more delicately formed. Her little frame possessed the most perfect symmetry and buoyant ac-

tivity; yet the suns of summer, or the keen winds of winter, failed to summon into her pale but vivacious countenance more than a momentary glow.

Her brother was the very personification of strong, boyish health, beauty, and humor. He was broad and robust, and his face was a round exhibition of merry eyes, plump, ruddy cheeks, and a wide row of white teeth, that were ever and anon displayed by the most cordial laughter.

The parents watched the growth of the girl with trembling. For their boy they feared nothing: he appeared made to weather all the storms of humanity. In this respect they were doomed to endure bitter disappointment. An illness, as violent as it was unlooked for, carried him to the grave in a few days.

Dearly as Mary loved her brother, and quick as was her perception, yet when he lay moaning on his mother's knee, and her father, as he hung over him in inexpressible anguish, said, "Are you not sorry for poor Charles, now he is so ill?" she, who had no experience of death, only replied by an earnest assurance that he would soon be better.

But when her weeping parents said to her, "Mary, you have no longer a brother; dear Charles is dead!" and, taking each a hand, led her to where the little corpse was laid, upon the bed they had so often nestled in together, it was a beautiful and a touching sight to see the unaffected workings of her pure, unpractised heart. Without any symptom of surprise or alarm at the change, which before she could not comprehend, she took his little cold hand, said, "Charles," in a tone of most touching tenderness.

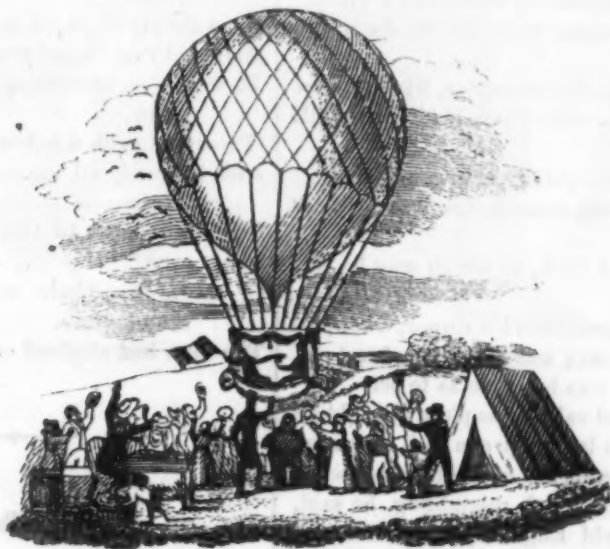
and, laying her head mutely on his bosom, burst into tears.

A beautiful sight it was to behold her thoughtful and innocent countenance, and to see how, in full and perfect faith, she drank in all her father told her, as he said, "My darling, you must not think that little lifeless form is Charles; it is only a part of him. We all have a soul, as well as a body. The soul is that within us which *thinks*, and *speaks*, and *loves*. It only inhabits the body, as we inhabit a house for a time.

"When the soul departs, the body dies, — that is, becomes lifeless and cold, — and is buried in the earth, and becomes dust ;

but the soul cannot die. It passes, if it has been good, into a world of souls. This world, pleasant as it is, even in the pleasantest time of summer, is not to be compared with that beautiful world. There all are spirits, good, beautiful, loving, and happy beyond expression. There dear Charlie is gone, and there, too, in a little while, we shall join him ! "

Then, leading her away, her affectionate parents sat down to talk to her, and to comfort themselves, by relating, in a simple style, all the instances of the death of children so beautifully recorded in the Scriptures. Let no one think this would be lost on a child of four years old.



The Balloon.

A STORY.

THERE ONCE WAS a man who contrived a balloon —
To carry him whither? Why, up to the moon.
One fine starlight night, he set sail for the sky,
And joyfully bade our poor planet good-by.

He mounted aloft with incredible speed,
And saw the green earth every moment recede.
"Farewell," he exclaimed, "to thy pride and
conceit,
Oppression and injury, fraud and deceit,

Thy flagrant abuses, thy luxury too,
 And all thy gay pageants, — forever adieu.
 Thy festivals, spectacles, learning, and lore —
 My share in thy pleasures I gladly restore.
 Thy kings and thy nobles, lords, ladies, and
 squires,
 That all the poor world, in its dotage, admires;
 All its factions and parties, and politics free,
 Thy statesmen and heroes, are nothing to me.
 Bonaparte in his cage, on Helena's wild shore,
 And all his devices, to me are no more.
 Farewell to thy valleys, in verdure arrayed;
 Farewell to thy merchandise, traffic, and trade;
 Thy wide, swelling rivers, that roll to the seas;
 Thy dark, waving forests, that sigh to the
 breeze:
 From Britain to China, or Ganges' wide
 stream,
 All fade on my sight like a vanishing dream."
 He spake, and with pleasure soon darted his
 eyes on
 The moon, just appearing above the horizon,
 And sitting upright, with his hands in his
 pocket,
 Shot out the dark sky into space, like a rocket.
 But the swiftness with which his light vehicle
 sped
 Brought on such a giddiness into his head,
 That he lay a long time in his boat without
 knowing
 How long he had been, or which way he was
 going.
 At length he aroused from his stupor, when, lo!
 The beautiful planet was shining below!
 Already so near was he come as to see
 Its mountains and valleys, as plain as could be.
 With feelings no language can well represent,
 He quickly prepared his machine for descent.
 A fine open plain, much resembling, he said,
 Some spots in old England, before him was
 spread,
 Whose smoothness and verdure his presence
 invited;
 And there, all amazement, our traveller
 alighted.
 What thrillings of rapture, what tears of delight,
 Now melted this signally-fortunate wight!
 And thus he expressed his astonishment soon:
 "Dear me what a wonder to be in the moon."

'Twas now early morning, the firmament clear
 For there the sun rises the same as down
 here.

He took out his pocket-book, therefore, and
 wrote

Whatever he saw that was worthy of note.
 For instance, — the soil appeared sandy and
 loose,

The pasture much finer than we can produce.
 He picked up a stone, which he wished he
 could hand

To some learned geologists down in our land.
 A blue little weed next attracted our writer,
 Not very unlike to our hare-bell, but brighter,
 And looked, as he said, most decidedly lunar;
 He wished he had come on this enterprise
 sooner.

But still he was far more impatient to trace
 What sort of inhabitants lived in the place.
 Perhaps they were dragons, or horrible things,
 Like fishes with feathers, or serpents with
 wings.

Thus deeply engaged in conjectural thought,
 His eye by an object was suddenly caught;
 To which on advancing, he found, you must
 know,

'Twas just such a mile-stone as ours below;
 And he read, all amazed, in plain English,
 the line, —

"Twelve miles to Old Sarum, to Andover
 nine."

In short, the whole wonder is nought but
 mundane;

The man had alighted on Salisbury Plain.

Jane Taylor.

Death and Sleep.

How wonderful is Death —
 Death and his brother Sleep!
 One pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other rosy as the morn,
 When, throned on Ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world;
 Yet both so passing wonderful!



Sir Walter Scott.

THIS celebrated man was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. His father was a lawyer, and he gave his son a good education. Walter was lame of one foot from his childhood, and for the first ten years of his life, he was feeble, and went upon crutches. He was esteemed rather a dull boy; but if any one of his schoolmates offended him, he was apt to get a rap of a crutch over the head.

When Walter grew up, he had a very large head; and perhaps this was the fact when he was a boy, for it is said he one day got his head through the iron grating of a fence, and could not get it out. There he stuck for a long time; and the youth was not released till a blacksmith came, and, with hammer and file, set him at liberty.

As young Scott came to be older, he grew stout, and was famous at snow-ball-

ing and other rough sports. But again his health failed him, and he could not pursue his regular studies. He, however, read a great deal, and finally began to write poetry. When he was about thirty-five years old, he was famous for his poetical compositions. He now wrote the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *Lady of the Lake*, &c. The latter is one of the most pleasing pieces ever written.

After a time, Scott began to write the *Waverley Novels*; and these finally extended to fifty volumes, or more. He also wrote many other books.

Scott built himself a beautiful mansion, called *Abbotsford*, about forty miles from Edinburgh, on the little River *Tweed*. Here he lived and wrote many of his famous books.

He was a plain, mild, serious-looking man, greatly resembling our good, white-haired, cheerful, benignant old friend at Brookline, Dr. Pierce.

He was very industrious, and wrote thirty large volumes in three years. But this was too much for his health, and he died at *Abbotsford*, September, 1832, aged sixty-one years.

Forced into the Right Path.

NOT a thousand miles from *Providence*, I heard of a rumseller who feared the temperance folks would get him into their clutches. So he concluded to charge for the water used by his customers, and throw in the liquor. He informed his customers—a regular set of toppers—of the order of the day for time to come. Things went off first rate for a

little while; but one day, one of his old friends called, and, after the usual salutations of "How do ye do?" &c., had passed between them, the decanter was set on as usual, and a pitcher of water, and Mr. ——— helped himself to the liquor, but took *no water*. As he was about leaving, the rumseller called on him for pay. "But," said the shrewd old toper, "I didn't take any *water*!" He continued to call from day to day, and, drinking his liquor clear, left without paying for it. The seller not daring to refuse him. The news spread among his other customers, and they, finding this striped pig game could be played by two as well as one, called, took their liquor also, and left without paying, till the astonished rumseller had to close his doors against them, and finally gave up the business entirely, and now keeps a *first-rate* grocery store on temperance principles.

Wonders of the Honey-Bee.

CHAPTER IV.

[Continued from p. 133.]

"I WILL next tell you," said Mr. Ross, "about the *working* bees. These constitute the great body of every swarm."

"Father," said Catharine, "the question has occurred to me, how many bees are generally found in a swarm."

"Swarms vary greatly as to their number. Some are large, others quite small. The average number is from fifteen to twenty thousand. Of this number, one is the queen, or mother; about five hundred are drones, and the remainder are

working bees, or, as they are sometimes called, *neuters*."

"But how are they able to ascertain the number?" inquired Catharine.

"Great pains have been taken," said Mr. Ross, "to obtain accurate results on this subject. It has been ascertained that about *five thousand* bees weigh a *pound*. This number will vary somewhat, according as the bees are bred in new or old comb; for, as I told you, bees from new comb are somewhat larger than those from old comb. It will make some difference, also, whether the bees are hungry or full fed; since five thousand bees, although small as to their bodies, will require some honey to satisfy their appetite. But notwithstanding these circumstances, which might vary the result somewhat, the estimated number in a pound is put at five thousand. Now, Susan, you are a small girl; but, supposing five thousand make a pound, and a swarm contains twenty thousand, how many pounds will that swarm contain?"

"I never studied so far as that," said Susan.

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Ross, "you do not give yourself time to think what the question is."

"If I did," said Susan, "I do not think I could answer it."

"It is a very easy sum, indeed," said James; "I should think she might answer it."

"Well, Master James," said Mr. Ross, "we will give you the privilege of answering."

"I should first like to hear it again."

"Certainly," said Mr. Ross; "but if so easy, Master James, one would suppose

you would at least recollect it. It is this: Five thousand bees weigh a pound; how many pounds are there in twenty thousand?"

"That will be," said James, "how many times five thousand are in twenty thousand."

"Exactly."

"Five in twenty, four times. *Four pounds*."

"Right," said Mr. Ross.

"I believe I could have told that," said Susan.

"Doubtless you might," said Mrs. Ross, "had you given yourself time to examine the question. Many persons, who are quite intelligent, often appear ignorant, and almost childish, from pronouncing, before they have taken time to reflect, that a thing is impossible, or at least impossible with them. When called to perform any task, say not that you cannot perform it; at least, not until you have so well weighed the subject as to be pretty sure. But we will no longer interrupt your father."

"May I first ask a question?" asked Catharine.

"It will give us pleasure to hear it," said Mr. Ross.

"In what manner was it ascertained that five thousand bees make a pound?"

"I do not, at this moment, recollect to have seen it stated by any author; but I can suggest a very easy method."

"What is it?"

"Suppose we take a large-mouthed vial, and, having adjusted a cork to it, we coat the inner side with a small quantity of honey. With this preparation, we place the vial at the aperture of a bee-

hive, the cork being withdrawn. The bees, attracted by the honey, will soon fill the inside of the vial.

"Husband, I think — to interrupt you," said Mrs. Ross, "that I have heard you suggest this method before; but then you stated, as a preliminary, that the vial, honey, and cork, should be previously weighed."

"Very essential," said Mr. Ross; "and, that it may be the more accurately done, the scales should be quite small, because small scales require less to turn them than large ones.

"The bees, I said, will fill the inside of the vial. At this moment, insert the cork. Now weigh it again. Suppose it has increased in weight one dram, or the sixteenth part of an ounce. Next cut a small hole in the cork, unless it have been previously done, sufficiently large for a single bee to pass. Convey the vial to some distance from the hive. The bees, as they become filled, will pass out one by one. Count them as they pass out. Suppose their number to be twenty. Here, then, twenty bees are found to weigh the sixteenth part of an ounce. Multiply, therefore, sixteen by twenty, and we have the number in an ounce; namely, three hundred and twenty. Again, multiply this latter number (320) by sixteen, because sixteen ounces make one pound: the result will be (5120) five thousand one hundred and twenty. Deduct one hundred and twenty as the supposed weight of the honey, which would be required to furnish a meal for a pound of bees, and we have left just five thousand to the pound. I give this, not as precisely accurate in fact, but only to show you one method in which

the weight of bees might be ascertained. Whether this method has ever been resorted to, I am unable to say.

"The working bees," now continued Mr. Ross, "are, as their name imports, the real working population of the hive. All the labor devolves upon them. They are distributed into various classes, to each of which is assigned its appropriate business. One band secrete the wax; another collect the honey; some build the combs; others go in search of pollen for bee-bread; others, still, procure propolis or bee-glue, while some apparently never leave the hive, but are employed as guards, or a watch over the necessities of the young."

"Does the queen bee instruct each party what to do?" asked James.

"No," said Mr. Ross; "they are instructed by their Creator himself, who, by means of *instinct*, teaches them their appropriate service. This division of labor may be compared to a well-ordered manufactory. As, in a cotton mill, some attend to the carding of the raw material, some to its formation into single threads, some to the gathering of these threads upon spindles, others to the union of many threads in one, — each attending to his single object, and acting with great precision, because each has its object, — so do we view with delight and wonder the successive steps by which the hive bees bring their beautiful work to its accomplishment.

"I have often watched a hive by the hour together, with special reference to the movements of the guard. These you will see, especially towards evening, passing from the mouth of the hive in all directions — in straight lines, in curves;

in short, in every possible direction, darting upon every insect which happens to intrude, and driving from their premises every stranger bee, or wasp, which may be seeking admission.

"There is scarcely a more instructive lesson in the wide field of nature than that which is conveyed by a hive of bees.

"Here, generally, the utmost harmony reigns; here, each has its appropriate sphere of action; nor have we any evidence that any step beyond their province. And, in respect to industry, how diligent! how indefatigable! From morning till night, and from night till morning, their appropriate labors are performed. I do not mean to say that they do not take rest; they may even sleep; but the watchful sentinels are at their posts; the young have their wants supplied; wax, if necessary, is secreted; and even the work of extending their cells progresses, — and all this while darkness covers the land, and the various tribes of animated beings have sunk to rest.

"We will here conclude for the evening. I will only add, therefore," said Mr. Ross, "my advice to you, my children, to attend to the lessons of wisdom conveyed to you, as well by the voice of nature as by the voice of revelation.

"A well-filled hive of bees discovers to us what may be accomplished by persevering effort. No matter how small or how apparently inefficient may be a single act, — we perceive what may be the result of action industriously continued, especially when that action is put forth by numbers."

"Would it not be appropriate," said

Mrs. Ross, "for Susan to repeat the '*Busy Bee*,' as the conclusion of this evening's conversation?"

"Quite so," said Mr. Ross. "You may recite it, my child."

Susan. —

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!
And gathers honey all the day
From every opening flower.

"How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes!

"In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too:
There always is some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

"In books, or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give, for every day,
A good account at last."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Musical Rats.

A STEWARD of a ship infested with rats used to play some lively airs on a flute, after he had baited his traps and placed them near the rat-holes. The music attracted the rats, who entered the traps unconscious of that danger, which, without the allurements of the flute, they would have instinctively avoided.

THE battle-field is a theatre of immense cost, for the exhibition of crime upon a grand scale.

Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from p. 152.]

CHAPTER V.

THE continual questionings and catechizings, to which I was subjected, at length became insufferably tedious. During all the remainder of the time, I was locked up in the dismal abode which I have described; and this imprisonment had now continued so long that all hope of liberation from it appeared to be at an end. "Patience," as the old proverb says, "is a good nag; but she will bolt sometimes." So it was with me. In spite of those Job's comforters, my guards, who kept assuring me that it would "all be over by and by," I lost all patience, and determined to break prison.

It was not long before I found an opportunity to carry this design into effect. There was no possibility of deceiving the vigilance of my keepers on ordinary occasions, for one or the other of them was sure to be wide awake at all hours of the night. I was therefore compelled to wait for some accident to aid me in my purpose. One night, about two hours after I had fallen asleep, I was awakened by a loud roaring. It was occasioned by a furious tempest, known in this part of the world by the name of *tuffoon*, and which rages with great violence all over the Japanese islands and their neighborhood. These hurricanes are very similar to those experienced in the West Indies: they are accompanied with terrific thunder and lightning, and often cause immense damage.

As soon as I was awake, I perceived what was the matter. The furious gusts of the storm caused my rickety wooden cage to shake and totter like an old basket. In five minutes, the lights were all blown out, the guards were running up and down bawling and screeching to one another. The wind whistled, the thunder roared, the chimneys and housetops came crashing to the ground before the gale; all was noise, hurlyburly, confusion, and darkness, except now and then the flashes of lightning, which only served to increase the horror of the scene. I saw at once that a chance now offered itself to me of escaping, and I embraced it without a moment's hesitation. I made an attack upon the door of my cell with all my might, and, after a dozen sturdy kicks, I succeeded in bursting through it.

So deafening was the roar of the storm, that the noise I made could not be distinguished. The guards, fearful that the house was falling upon their heads, were occupied with thoughts for their own safety, and I was allowed to grope my way unmolested through various intricate and roundabout passages among the buildings in the neighborhood of my prison. Whether any of the soldiers saw me, I cannot say. Several of them passed in sight of me, running up and down. One had his hat taken from his head by a gust of wind, and whisked off into the air within arm's length of me, as I was turning a corner. While he was running after it, I ran, of course, the other way.

After scrambling hither and thither, just as luck and good guessing could help me, and making use of that shrewd species of pilotage, commonly called "following your own nose," I got at last clear of the houses, and found myself on a road leading to the country. By the flashes of lightning I could see which way the town lay, and pointed my course in the opposite direction. Owing to the intense darkness of the night, I could see only a few steps before me, in the intervals between the flashes; and as the ground, after I had quitted the road, proved to be exceedingly rocky and uneven, I became fearful of falling down a precipice, and therefore came to a halt under the lee of a craggy rock.

I was already completely drenched by the rain, and the rock afforded little shelter, except from the fury of the wind. But, in about two hours, the storm blew over, the rain ceased, and the clouds passed off. A bright starlight now enabled me to see my way along tolerably well. A high mountain was visible toward the north-west; and I moved my steps in that direction, judging it to be the most unfrequented part of the neighborhood, and therefore the most likely to afford me a place of concealment.

On gaining the summit of a little rising ground, I cast a look backward, and was struck with the sight of a number of lights in motion, and apparently moving toward me. They were evidently a party of the towns-people, or soldiers coming in pursuit of me, with lanterns; for I could have no doubt that my flight had been discovered before the storm was over. Startled by this appearance, I immediately struck off from the course I

was pursuing, and took a route toward what I supposed to be the sea-shore. After pursuing this course about a quarter of a mile, without apparently gaining on my pursuers, I came to the belief that they were a party on horseback, and that I should have some difficulty in the attempt to outrun them.

A large hollow, or ravine, lay before me, extending to an unknown distance north and south. I ran down into it for a considerable distance, without finding a tree, or thicket, that might afford me a covert into which I might creep and lie hid. The dawn began to lighten up the eastern sky; and had it been broad daylight, I might have been discovered from any of the heights around me. I reached, at length, the bottom of the ravine, which was overhung, on every side, by naked precipices; but no place of concealment presented itself, and it was now sunrise.

I stood still for some minutes, looking all around me, and listening for the shouts of my pursuers; but no sound was heard. I knew not whether to move onward or turn back in search of a better route for escaping, when, at length, my eye fell upon a small cleft in the rocky wall of the ravine, which seemed large enough for a hiding-place. I made haste toward the spot, and, as I approached it, I discovered a waterfall dashing down from the top of the rock by the side of this cavity.

This cascade fell from a considerable height, and had worn a pit, or gully, at the foot of the rock, forty or fifty feet in depth. At the bottom of this gully the water passed off through a chasm of unknown depth. The cavern which I proposed to enter was directly over this profound abyss; and, had not the rock

presented several broken crags, which served me for stepping-places, I might have sighed in vain for an entrance to this blessed abode. When I got in, I found that it barely afforded me room to sit down, and that it was, besides, half filled with large sharp, flinty stones, with their points and edges upwards, as if the cavern had been made on purpose for a place of torture, like a Jongee's bed of iron spikes.

I lay down on this delectable couch, and endeavored to make myself as comfortable as possible. But there was need of much caution in this unfurnished lodging. The floor of the cave had a considerable slope outward, so that, had any of the stones become loose under me, I might have rolled out along with them, and been dashed to pieces at the bottom of the abyss. In other respects, the place answered my purpose pretty well, for the mouth of the cave could not be seen from any great distance; and the neighborhood was so wild and lonely that it seemed unlikely to be visited by any people.

But I had not taken possession of my hiding-place more than half an hour before I made a discovery that filled me with new alarm. I found I had lost my cap, which, during my imprisonment, I had made for myself out of a worsted stocking. From my recollections of what had taken place during my flight, it appeared that I must have dropped it just after I struck off from my first route, on discovering the lights in pursuit of me. I felt convinced that, if this cap had been picked up by any Japanese, it would betray the course I had taken, and perhaps

lead my pursuers to the very spot where I lay hid. The fear of being discovered so fully possessed me, that I never dared so much as poke my nose out of the cave all day, till the sun went down.

Dismally enough I felt in my new snuggery, where, if I ate but little, I thought the more. The day was pleasant, and the sun shone brightly; but the mouth of the cave was so situated, that the sunbeams could not enter it, and the waterfall so cooled the air, that I shivered till my teeth knocked together. All day long I could hear the wood-cutters in the neighboring forest chopping at the trees. About the middle of the afternoon, I was suddenly thrown into great trepidation by a rustling sound, as if somebody was slipping or trampling down the hill toward me.

The noise grew louder and louder; I could distinctly hear footsteps; they approached the mouth of the cave in a quickened pace, pat-pat-pat — tramp-tramp — thump-thump! I gave myself up for lost, when all at once appeared a wild deer. The quick-scented animal no sooner snuffed me, than he gave a toss with his head, and was off in a single bound.

When the twilight had disappeared, I ventured out, and, by carefully letting myself down the crags, got to the ground in safety. On emerging from the ravine, I proceeded toward a high hill, about half a mile distant, which was here and there overgrown with underwood. From the top of this hill I took a view of the neighborhood, and then directed my course to something which appeared to be a field situated in a level spot at a little distance

When I reached it, I found it to be a patch of ground overgrown with bamboo reeds and grass.

I threw myself down here, and enjoyed a nap of an hour or two, being tempted by the softness of such a bed, after my day's lodging on the sharp stones. I then proceeded in a northerly direction, taking the pole-star for my guide. The night was calm and clear, and the mountain-tops were plain in sight which I desired to ascend, but still at a considerable distance. I discovered a spacious road leading to the north, by which, as I afterwards learned, wood and charcoal were conveyed from the forest to the town. All around me in the distance I could perceive lights, which were made by the fires of the charcoal-burners.

As the daylight came on, I discovered hills, mountains, and forests in every direction round me, but nothing like a city or town. An hour after sunrise, heavy clouds began to rise in the east, and the wind howled dismally among the rocky hills. The clouds spread in every direction, the wind blew more and more violently, and I began to fear that another storm was gathering, like the one which had enabled me to escape from prison. I was by this time pretty well satisfied that my pursuers had lost the track of me, and resolved therefore to keep on my course without waiting for the night.

Presently I came to a small stream of water, but so shallow that I had no difficulty in fording it. On the banks grew some wild garlic, and sorrel, which I plucked and ate very greedily, as this was the first mouthful of food which I had been able to procure since my escape. By sunset I gained the top of a very high

hill, all overgrown with reeds, and having a few scattered trees and shrubs here and there. I gathered a great quantity of the reeds together, crept in among them, and lay down to rest. It was near morning when I awoke; yet the first faint rays of dawn had not yet begun to shoot up in the east. The sky was clear, the starlight most magnificent, and the stillness of this wild solitude was fearfully sublime. The snow-clad summits of the lofty mountains in the distance glistened under the innumerable fires of heaven, while masses of black clouds were floating and curling around the lower hills near at hand. A deluge of rain was falling in the plains, yet the lofty eminence on which I was stationed remained under a perfectly calm and serene sky.

I had full leisure for contemplating the majestic image and serene grandeur of nature. But with all my admiration for mountain scenery, I was unable to prevent my thoughts from reverting to my own forlorn condition at this moment, which now came up to my contemplation in all its horrors. Here I was, alone on the summit of a wild mountain, thousands of miles from my home, with hardly any clothing, with no provisions, nor any weapons by the help of which I might obtain wherewith to keep me from starvation, and surrounded by enemies and wild beasts!

What were my plans? When I first conceived the design of escaping from prison, I had no precise notion of what I meant to do, in case I succeeded in breaking jail. The thought of possessing my liberty was enough. I did not dream of starving to death among the mountains, or being eaten up by bears

and wolves. *Now* I began to suspect that my escape was not quite so wise an undertaking as it had first appeared to me. True, I had regained my liberty; but how was I to keep alive in the possession of it?

Still I exulted in the success of my undertaking thus far, and I determined to persist in it. After long pondering upon the matter, I concluded that the best course which remained for me, was to gain the sea-coast, and seize the first fishing-boat I could obtain. With this I hoped to be able to reach the continent of Corea, where I trusted to good luck for further help homeward. Having decided upon this, I looked upon the business as half accomplished; and, the sun having by this time risen, and warmed the air a little, I set off in the direction in which I judged the nearest coast to lie.

My route, after descending from the mountain, lay among hills covered with thickets, and here and there a footpath, but no houses. I judged myself to be in the wildest and most uninhabited part of the empire of Japan. After some miles' travel, I came in sight of a hut, from which I saw smoke ascending. I took good care, however, not to go near it. On reaching the summit of a hill, I observed various roads leading to the sea-side; and the air was so clear that I could espy a little dog running along a footpath on a hill more than a mile off.

I sat down, to rest myself, among some thick grass, and had not been seated many minutes, when I heard the sound of horses galloping not far off. I lay snug, and presently perceived a party of soldiers on horseback, coming along, at full speed, on a road which passed close

to the spot where I happened to be. I had not the smallest doubt that they were in search of me; and, resolving to lead them as long a chase as possible, I scrambled off on all fours through the grass, in an oblique direction, for some distance, and then crept into a rocky hollow covered with bushes, where I lay perfectly still. The clatter of the horses' hoofs became louder and louder, till I thought them close at hand. The sound then died away, and I was convinced that the horsemen, whoever they were, had passed me without making any discovery.

When they were fairly out of sight, I crept out of my concealment, and pursued my journey. The valley in which I had taken shelter was watered by a rivulet, the bed of which was dirty, and filled with decayed roots and leaves. I stirred up the mud, and found some small crabs, about an inch long, which, in any other situation, I should have flung from me with disgust; but I now ate them with as keen a relish as if they had been tid-bits for the table of the emperor. Farther onward, I came to several empty huts, which, during the summer season, had been inhabited by wood-cutters and charcoal-burners. I entered them, in hopes of finding something to eat; but they contained nothing except an old hatchet, completely covered with rust, and two or three lackered cups, such as are used by the poorest people in Japan.

Three or four times I heard the sound of voices, as I made my way among the bushes and reeds. It was evident that I was approaching a part of the country less wild and solitary than that over which my course had led me for a day or two past. However, I took care not

to show myself, being determined to gain the shore, if possible, without being perceived by any one. It struck me as somewhat remarkable, that I had thus far met with no such thing as a cart, wagon, or wheel carriage of any kind. But the fact is, that, owing to the mountainous character of the country, a wheel carriage is about as much used in Japan as a snow sled in the torrid zone.

The Japanese carry all their burdens on the backs of horses or oxen, or by water. The nobles, officers of state, and persons of distinction, travel in litters and sedan chairs, which they call *norimons* and *cangoes*. Others travel on horse-back. There are, therefore, in Japan, no proper roads, but only footpaths, which, on the hills, instead of going straight forward, are made to turn and wind in various directions, for the convenience of the horses.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Eastern Story.

ONE of the princes of the East, who lived a long while ago, possessed a magnificent library, the extent of which was such, that fifty of the most learned men in the kingdom were employed in taking care of it. The prince, who had but little time to devote to reading and study, commanded the librarians to make an abstract of the contents of the library, so that he might see at a glance the wisdom which had been collecting for centuries. They sat down to their work, and in twenty years had compressed the vast library into as many volumes as a camel could carry on his

back. But the prince was not yet satisfied, and directed another effort to be made. This time the librarian reduced the contents of the library to a single volume. But the prince, whose infirmities increased with age, ordered them to try again. The result was this: "Man is born — breathes for a while — dies — and is seen no more."



The Nests of Birds.

How curious is the structure of the nest of the goldfinch or chaffinch! The inside of it is lined with cotton and fine silken threads; and the outside cannot be sufficiently admired, though it is composed only of various species of fine moss. The color of these mosses, resembling that of the bark of the tree on which the nest is built, proves that the

bird intended it should not be easily discovered. In some nests, hair, wool, and rushes, are dexterously interwoven. In some, all the parts are firmly fastened by a thread, which the bird makes of hemp, wool, hair, or more commonly of spiders' webs. — Other birds, as, for instance, the blackbird and the lapwing, after they have constructed their nest, plaster the inside with mortar, which cements and binds the whole together; they then stick upon it, while quite wet, some wool or moss, to give it the necessary degree of warmth. — The nests of swallows are of a very different construction from those of other birds. They require neither wood, nor hay, nor cords; they make a kind of mortar, with which they form a neat, secure, and comfortable habitation for themselves and their family. To moisten the dust, of which they build their nest, they dip their breasts in water, and shake the drops from their wet feathers upon it. But the nests most worthy of admiration are those of certain Indian birds, which suspend them with great art from the branches of trees, to secure them from the depredations of various animals and insects. In general, every species of birds has a peculiar mode of building; but it may be remarked of all alike, that they always construct their nests in the way that is best adapted to their security, and to the preservation and welfare of their species.

Such is the wonderful instinct of birds with respect to the structure of their nests. What skill and sagacity, what industry and patience, do they display! And is it not apparent that all their labors tend towards certain ends? They construct their nests hollow, and nearly round,

that they may retain the heat so much the better. They line them with the most delicate substances, that the young may lie soft and warm. What is it that teaches the bird to place her nest in a situation sheltered from the rain, and secure against the attacks of other animals? How did she learn that she should lay eggs — that eggs would require a nest to prevent them from falling to the ground, and to keep them warm? Whence does she know that the heat would not be maintained around the eggs if the nest were too large, and that, on the other hand, the young would not have sufficient room if it were smaller? By what rules does she determine the due proportions between the nest, and the young which are not yet in existence? Who has taught her to calculate the time with such accuracy that she never commits a mistake, in producing her eggs before the nest is ready to receive them? Admire, in all these things, the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of the Creator!

Lady Washington.

THE wife of Washington was perhaps as well fitted for her exalted station as he was for his. She was born in Virginia, in 1732, her name being Martha Dandridge. She was celebrated for beauty, and, at the age of seventeen, was married to a gentleman named Daniel Park Custis. They had four children, two of whom died while young.

Mr. Custis died in middle age, leaving his widow a large fortune. At the age of twenty-six, Washington accidentally met her and, she being still youthful and hand

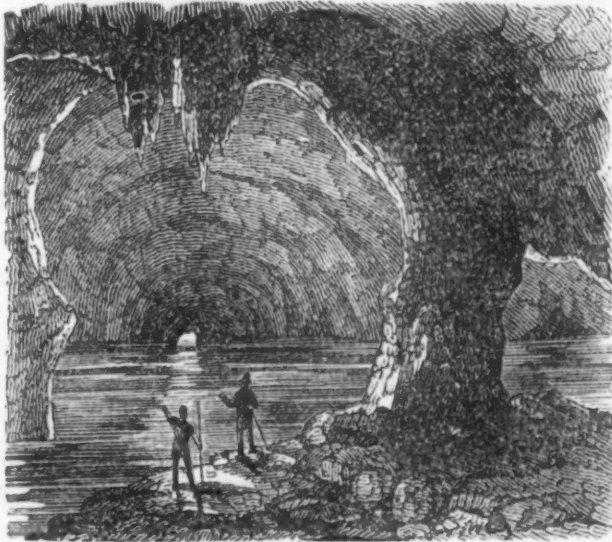
some, he paid her his addresses, and in due time they were married.

In 1775, Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of the American armies; and from this time to the close of the war, a period of eight years, he returned only once to his residence at Mt. Vernon. His wife, however, usually joined him in winter, during the cessation of active hostilities.

The care of Washington's estates devolved chiefly upon his wife, who showed the utmost good sense in the discharge of the numerous duties that devolved upon her. She had no children by her second marriage; but her son and daughter, by the first, were with her, and received her assiduous care.

After the close of the war, Washington returned home, and his house became the resort of the first society in America. Many foreigners of distinction also visited him. His wife displayed a rare union of skill and energy as a housewife, with hospitality and good taste as a hostess. She acquired, by general courtesy, a title not often bestowed or relished in our democratic country—that of *Lady Washington*.

While Washington was president, this amiable and interesting woman filled the place assigned her with dignity, and seemed a fit partner for him who was pronounced “first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.”



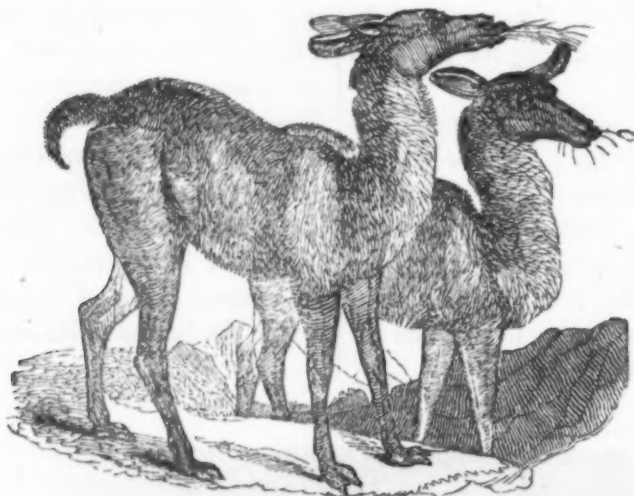
Caves.

THE variety of caves, in different parts of the world, would afford materials for a curious chapter. In Kentucky, there is a cave which has a hotel within it, and a river abounding in blind

fish. Fingal's Cave, in Staffa, near Scotland, has its sides supported by regular columns of stone, as if chiseled by art. The Grotto of Antiparos, in Greece, is several hundred feet deep, and some

of its rooms, when lighted by a lamp, seem to have their sides and roofs composed of the most brilliant precious stones. In Italy, there is a cave, from which issues a mephitic gas, which will make a dog

swoon away, if he puts his nose into it. In Norway is a cave, the crevices of which have been ascertained to descend more than a mile in perpendicular depth.



The Llama.

THIS animal is about twice as large as a sheep. It has somewhat the form of the camel, and is ranked by naturalists with the camel family. It has long, silky hair, and one species, the *alpaca*, is valuable for its wool, of which fine stuffs are made. It is quite probable that this creature will, ere long, be common among us, for attempts are being made to raise it both here and in Europe.

The llama is a native of the mountain regions of South America. When the Spaniards conquered Peru, it was the only animal domesticated by the people. It is gentle and obedient, seeming to have but one vice; and that is, if you offend it, it will spit in your face. It will carry a considerable burden; but, if loaded too heavily, it will lie down and die, rather than attempt to proceed.

Honesty of a Moravian.

IN one of the German wars a captain of cavalry was appointed to procure forage. He accordingly went at the head of his troops to the place as-

signed them for the purpose; it was a solitary valley, in which the eye perceived nothing but clusters of trees. At last the officer discovered a cottage, and

knocking at the door, it was opened by an old Moravian with a white beard. "Father," said the captain, "show me a field where we can procure forage."—"I will," replied the old man.

He then put himself at their head, and conducted them out of the valley. After riding for about a quarter of an hour, they arrived at a fine field of barley. "Stop," said the officer to his guide, "this is what we want."—"Wait a little," replied the Moravian, "and you shall be satisfied." They then continued their progress, and at the distance of a quarter of a league, they found another field of the same grain.

When the soldiers had cut the corn and remounted their horses, the officer said to his guide, "Father, you have brought us a great way unnecessarily; the first field was better than this."—"True," replied the old man, "but that field does not belong to me." What a noble instance of truly Christian virtue! Rather than injure his neighbor's property, the worthy Moravian sacrificed his own.

The Story of Valentine Duval.

[Concluded from p. 143.]

CHAPTER IV.

VALENTINE recommenced his journey, going from door to door asking for work, or at least a morsel of bread.

Alas! both his demands were alike unheeded. The misery which reigned throughout the entire province was frightful. At length, a farmer of the village of Clesentine offered him the care of his flocks, which Valentine at

once accepted. Possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, idleness did not suit him; and an anxious wish to be instructed induced him, at the end of two years, to seek other employment. Accident conducted him to the farm of La Rochette, near Deneuvre, at the foot of the Vosges Mountains, which was inhabited by a hermit or friar named Palemon.

"My father," said Valentine, "you are alone; receive me, and I will assist you in your work; I will serve you as a domestic; I shall be satisfied to live on bread; and all that I ask in return is, that you will teach me to read." The good man willingly accepted the offer of a young companion, and they lived happily together for some time; until the arrival of a second hermit, bearing an order from their superior, obliged brother Palemon to receive him as a companion.

Valentine was again thrown on the world; but the good hermit gave him a letter of recommendation to the hermits of St. Anne, at some distance from La Rochette, and one league from Luneville. Four old men resided in this retreat; all their fortune consisted of six cows and the produce of twelve acres of land. These they found sufficient for all their wants and their charities. They received Valentine with pleasure, and confided to him the care of the cows. It was while amongst these religiously-disposed men that Valentine commenced seriously to instruct himself. But he shall tell his own tale, as recorded in his memoirs.

"I commenced," says he, "a new career. I began to learn to write. One of the old men traced my copies with a trembling hand. Bad copies were of

course the result of so imperfect a model. Not to give the old man trouble, and to get over my lesson, I detached a pane of glass from my window, and placing it upon the copy I had received, traced exactly the letters written underneath. By the repetition of this exercise, in a short time I acquired facility in writing, though it was ever so bad. By means of an old abridged arithmetic, which I had found in the library attached to the hermitage, I learned the first four rules. This was to me a source of amusement and pleasure. In the neighboring wood I chose a fitting place to study, to which, during the long nights of summer, I frequently retired. One night, while gazing on the number of stars which studded the immensity of the heavens, I recollected having read, in an old almanac, that, on certain days of the year, the sun entered into certain signs, which were distinguished by the names of animals. Not knowing what these signs meant, but presuming that there were perhaps in the heavens assemblages of stars which these figures represented, I made it the object of my speculations. Accident furnished me with the means of forming more just notions. Having been sent to Luneville on a fair day, I perceived a number of pictures exposed for sale, fastened against the walls. I found amongst them a planisphere, in which the stars were marked with their different names and magnitudes. The purchase of this planisphere, a chart of the terrestrial globe, and maps of the four divisions of the earth, exhausted all my finances, which amounted to four or five francs. The avaricious and the ambitious may well be excused if the pas-

sions by which they are swayed cause a pleasure as real and as lively as I experienced from the possession of these six sheets of paper. A few days sufficed to learn the situations of the greater number of the constellations. But, to make use of this knowledge, it was necessary to fix upon a point in the heavens to serve as a base for my observations. I had heard it stated that the polar star was the only one in our hemisphere which was immovable, and that its situation determined that of the arctic pole. But how to find this star, and to be certain of its immobility! After many inquiries, I was told of a steel needle which had the power of turning itself to the poles of the earth—a prodigy I could scarcely believe, yet fain would see. To my great joy, the eldest of the hermits told me he had a compass with a dial, which he had the goodness to give me. By the aid of this marvellous instrument, I soon found out the four cardinal and the subordinate points; but as I was still ignorant of the elevation of the polar star, I employed the following means to find its situation: I chose a star which appeared to be of the third magnitude: then, with an auger, I pierced a hole in the branch of a tree, of such a size that, looking through, I might perceive that star alone. This done, as a true follower of Ptolemy, I reasoned thus: This star is either fixed or movable; if fixed, my point of observation being also stationary, it will be always seen through the aperture, and in that case it will be the one I wish to find; if it is movable, the contrary will be the case, and I can repeat the operation of boring. And this I did frequently, without other success than

breaking my auger. The accident made me have recourse to another expedient. I took a straight slip of elder, and having slit it, and taken out the pith, I joined the two parts with thread, and fastened the hollow cane to one of the branches of an oak, which served me as an observatory. By this means I was able to direct the tube with facility towards the different stars which I wished to observe, and at length succeeded in finding the one I sought. After this, it was easy to find the situation of the principal constellations, by drawing imaginary lines from one star to another, and following the projection of the planisphere; and then I knew what to think of this quantity of animals with which the ancients had peopled the skies, perhaps for want of the same number of men worthy of the honor."

You, my young friends, who have books and masters to explain all these things, can you comprehend all the difficulties which Valentine Duval had to surmount before finding what he sought without assistance, and to what a high degree his desire for information must have arrived, to give him the courage to brave all the obstacles opposed by his ignorance, and the patience to surmount them? Well, he had this patience and courage, and with them, as a recompense, a satisfaction both sweet and agreeable. All the days were to him full of delight, for self-instruction was his enjoyment; and at each step that he advanced in science, he found pleasure and profit.

After studying and learning, imperfectly no doubt, the chart of the heavens, he next essayed to gain a knowledge of that of the earth. He imagined to

himself that he needed but to follow the track of some one of those of whom he read in Plutarch's *Lives of Illustrious Men*, the *History of Quintus Curtius*, which he had read by accident, or the route taken by the army of the Paladins — books with which the library of the monks was replete. But having no other introduction to geography than the maps which he had purchased at Luneville, he could not, with all his efforts, comprehend what could be the meaning or the use of the circles traced upon the map of the world, such as the meridians, the tropics, and the zodiac. You may laugh at this, my young friends; but recollect that Duval had no one to whom he could apply for the desired information, and which was necessary for him to know, yet the use of which he almost guessed. You know the little black lines upon the map which divide the equator, and which are 360 in number. Valentine Duval, by the force of reflection, imagined that they were so many leagues; and one day, during a conversation with one of the hermits, he affirmed that the terrestrial globe was 360 leagues in circumference.

"I can scarcely think that, my child," said the good father, who was himself no geographer; "for in my voyage to Calabria, I had to traverse more than three hundred and sixty leagues, and I did not, to a certainty, make the circuit of the globe."

This observation, so just, yet so simple, was felt in its full force by Duval, at once overthrowing all his fondly-cherished theories; and might have been the means of his renouncing self-instruction altogether, had not accident again favored him.

Every Sunday he attended at the Carmelite church of Luneville; and on one occasion, having sauntered into the garden attached to it, he perceived one of the monks occupied in reading. On inquiring the name of the book, he was told that it was a guide to the study of geography, by the *Sieur Lannay*. The interest which the boy evinced prompted the monk to ask him some questions, the result of which was, that, before leaving, he gave Duval the book. To Valentine such a work was in itself a treasure; and on his return to the hermitage, he lost no time in studying its contents. He there saw the manner in which the degrees of the equator were applied to the measurement of the different portions of the earth; and in making him comprehend the littleness of our globe in comparison to the vast space with which it was surrounded, filled him with wonder.

The wish to become the possessor of a larger stock of books made him turn over in his thoughts various expedients; and at length his active mind suggested the means. He made war on the denizens of the forest, — foxes, polecats, &c., — and then, selling their skins at Luneville, was enabled to purchase books. He also snared birds, and, disposing of them likewise, he in less than a month gathered up a little capital of forty crowns.

Forty crowns! one hundred and twenty francs amassed thus, sous by sous, with an industry which increased each day. If you can imagine this, my young friends, you may conceive the happiness of Duval. He immediately ran to the town of Nancy — yes, *ran* is the word — as fast as his feet could carry him; and the first question he asked on entering the

town was, to demand the address of a library. He was directed to a bookseller named Truan.

“Sir,” said he, the moment he entered the shop, “I have a hundred and twenty francs, which I wish to expend with you. I should thank you to tell me the books best suited to my age and instruction.”

The frank and ingenuous countenance of Duval, and the artlessness with which he had told his wishes, interested the kind-hearted Truan so much, that he would willingly have placed the contents of his shop at the disposal of the amiable boy. The bookseller showed him a number of books which he thought would answer; but when their price was calculated, it was found to amount to a much larger sum than Valentine possessed.

“What shall I do?” said he, completely overwhelmed.

“You can owe me the overplus, my little friend,” said the librarian.

“But you do not know me, sir,” objected the boy, divided between the wish to take the books and the disinclination to contract a debt. “But upon what is your confidence in me founded?”

“Upon your countenance, and the wish you appear to have for learning, my child. I read in your face that you would not deceive me, and that you will pay me before long.”

“Well, sir, since your good opinion is taken on such equivocal foundation, I willingly accept your offer; and I assure you, that I shall as far as possible try to merit that good opinion.”

When he had his books arranged in his little cell with the planisphere attached to the wall over his bed, he would not

have exchanged his dormitory for the grandest chamber of the Louvre. The walls were covered with maps of provinces and kingdoms,—a little world in themselves,—and Valentine seldom retired to rest without having first traced, by their assistance, the route of some traveller whose footsteps he longed to follow.

A happy adventure which occurred to him at this time was the means of increasing his treasure,—the number of his books,—for to him they were the only things regarded as such. One day, while watching his cows, he found an armorial seal, and immediately announced the circumstance at the hermitage. The next day, an Englishman presented himself in his little chamber.

"The seal which you have found is mine. I come to reclaim it."

"If it is yours," replied Valentine, "you can of course describe the arms."

"You wish to joke with me, young man," said the Englishman, regarding the mean dress and the heavy shoes of Duval with a scornful look; "as if you were able to understand heraldry."

"That matters not, sir," said Valentine, in a quiet tone; "if you desire to get your seal, you must describe it fully."

Not to prolong the discussion, the stranger obeyed; and Valentine, being assured that the Englishman was the real owner, restored it to him.

"Who attends to your education?" asked he, already conceiving a high opinion of the poor youth.

"Myself," replied Valentine, artlessly.

"Yourself alone?"

"With the aid of my books, sir: you

can see that I have a good number of them."

The Englishman smiled. "You have but these?" said he; "and how have you procured them?"

Valentine recounted the manner in which he had waged war on the birds and beasts of the forest, and the way in which he had applied the profits.

"Poor child!" said the stranger, after listening with attention to him; "come to my lodgings, and, since you love books, I will give you some."

Thanks to the generosity of the Englishman, his library got an increase of over a hundred volumes. The education which he acquired by their perusal aided in giving him a wish to better his condition, and Providence assisted him in this desire.

The wood in which the cattle were pastured, by the quantity of books and charts he each morning took with him, presented the appearance of a cabinet of study. One day, while seated at the foot of a tree, thinking over the best means of changing a position in life which had become irksome to him, with his eyes fixed upon an open map, an individual happened to pass, and, astonished at the sight of a boy watching cows, and at the same time studying, he approached him.

"What are you engaged at, my boy?" asked the stranger.

"I am studying geography, sir," replied Valentine.

"Do you understand such things?" asked the unknown, more and more astonished.

"I never occupy myself about things I do not understand," said the young student.

"What are your studies at the present moment, my young friend?" asked the stranger, with affability.

"I am seeking the route to Quebec, sir."

"Might I ask the reason, my child?"

"That I might go there to continue my studies at the university, sir. I have read in my books that it is famous."

"There are other universities much nearer to you, and equally good. Tell me one that you would like, my young friend."

This proposition made Duval raise his eyes to the person who spoke. He was a young man of engaging countenance, and the hunting-dress which he wore indicated high rank. Before the boy had time to reply, a numerous retinue issued from various parts of the forest, evidently in quest of the stranger; and, by their livery, he at once knew that he who spoke was one of the princes of the house of Lorraine.

It was no other than the Duke Leopold, who, perceiving Valentine's confusion, by the kindness and affability of his manner soon engaged him in conversation; and so well pleased was he with the answers of the poor boy, that he finished by proposing that he should continue his studies at the Jesuits' College of Pont à Mousson. Without hesitation Valentine accepted the kind offer of the duke; and bidding adieu to the hermits, he and his books were soon transported thither. His progress in learning was as rapid as might have been expected, the study he preferred being geography, history, and the ancients. His masters at length declared that they had nothing more to teach him.

The duke of Lorraine, who had de-

clared himself the protector of Duval, took him to Paris in 1718, and gave him funds to travel through Holland and the Low Countries. On his return, the duke nominated him his librarian; and a chair of history was founded for him at Luneville.

The presents which he received on his elevation, and the economy with which he lived, enabled him to gratify the generous impulses of his heart. The remembrance of the kindness shown him by the hermits of St. Anne was not forgotten. He not only built a more extensive and commodious house, but bought a large tract of land for them, by which means they were enabled to extend their charity. Finding that all his family were dead, he purchased the cottage at Anthenay in which he was born, and on its site built a house for the reception of a schoolmaster, where the children of the village who were unable to pay were educated.

When the duke of Lorraine died, in 1729, his son, the Duke Francis, removed to Tuscany; and notwithstanding the endeavors made to retain Duval at Luneville, he followed the fortunes of the young prince, and continued to hold the office of librarian. When the Duke Francis was raised to the throne of Germany by his marriage with Maria Therese, Duval still remained near him, and had apartments in the royal palace. All these favors did not render him either vain or proud. His dress and his habits were alike plain and unostentatious: dividing his time between study, walking, and the society of a few select friends, his life glided on peacefully and agreeably.

Never wishing to make a parade of

his knowledge, his frequent reply when questions were asked was, "I know nothing." On one occasion, while conversing with some ignorant person, he made use of this expression, to which the other replied, "The emperor pays you for your knowledge."

"The emperor," said the librarian, "pays me for that which I know; if he paid me for that of which I am ignorant, all the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

His life, sober, active, and accustomed to fatigue, was prolonged to an advanced period, and he died on the 3d of September, 1775, at the age of eighty years. Amongst many other charitable bequests which his will contained, was one in which he gave 10,000 florins for the endowment each year of three poor children of Vienna.

The Discontented Pendulum.

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm, the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course, the wheels remained motionless with surprise, the weights hung speechless, each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But

now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate. "As to that," replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness!—you, who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do." "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?" "But what," resumed the pendulum, "although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours;—perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum." The minute-hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply

the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself — I'll stop!"

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but, resuming its gravity, at last replied, —

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, will it fatigue us to *do*? Would you now do me the favor to give about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?" The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "was that exertion at all fatiguing to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of *six* strokes that I complain, nor of *sixty*, but of *millions*." "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in." "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then, I hope," added the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move,

the pendulum to wag, and, to its credit ticked as loud as ever, — while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen-shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night. — *Jane Taylor.*



Zerah Colburn.

THIS wonderful person was born in Vermont, in 1804. At the age of six years, and never having been sent to school, he astonished his parents by his arithmetical powers. He soon attracted general attention, and was exhibited in the chief cities of the United States as a prodigy. At the age of seven and eight years, he could perform in his

head, the most complicated sums. If you asked him how many seconds had elapsed since the creation, he would tell you in about a minute. Ask him to multiply any sum, such as 8762, by 976,783, and he would give you the number in one or two minutes. Indeed, it seemed of little consequence how large the number of figures embraced in the question might be; his answer was equally ready.

Zorah was taken to England, Scotland, and France, where he amazed every one who saw him. As he grew older, his wonderful faculty seemed to diminish, and he sunk into an ordinary man. He kept school for a time in England, returned to America, became a Methodist preacher, and died at the age of thirty-seven years.

Enigma.

YE philosophers, hark!
 My complexion is dark;
 Reflection and silence my character mark.
 No record on earth
 Discovers my birth;
 Long reigned I in solitude, silence, and dearth.
 I travel away,
 In sombre array;
 But my turban and sandals are silvery gray.
 Majestic my mien,
 And my dark form is seen
 All sparkling in gems, like an African queen.
 One pearl that I wear
 Is more brilliant and rare
 Than the loveliest gem in a princess's hair.
 My stature is tall,
 But at seasons I crawl,
 Or shrink myself almost to nothing at all.
 Invisibly hurled,
 I traverse the world,
 And o'er every land is my standard unfurled.

I silently roll
 Round the icy-bound pole:
 And long the wide region endures my control.
 From earliest time
 I was grave and sublime,
 But often am made the accomplice of crime.
 My intellect teems
 With visions and dreams,
 And wild tales of terror my favorite themes.
 Yet sorrow and pain
 Oft welcome my reign,
 And eagerly watch for my coming again;
 For a handmaid of mine,
 With aspect benign,
 Deals out at my bidding a soft anodyne.
 My sister down there
 Is transcendently fair;
 But we never once happened to meet any
 where.
 Advancing behold
 Her banners of gold!
 Then I must away with my story half told.

Christmas Hymn.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining!
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall!
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all!
 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

The Greedy Fox.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

LIVELY.

On a winter's night, As the moon shone bright, Two fox - es went out for prey ;

As they trotted along, With frolic and song, They cheered their lonely way.

Through the wood they went ;
But they could not scent
A rabbit or goose astray ;
But at length they came
To some better game
In a farmer's barn by the way.

On a roost there sat
Some chickens as fat
As foxes could wish for their dinners :
So the prowlers found,
A hole by the ground,
And they both went in, the sinners.

They both went in
With a squeeze and a grin,
And the chickens were quickly killed ;
And one of them lunched,
And feasted, and munched,
Till his stomach was fairly filled.

The other, more wise,
Looked about with both eyes,
And hardly would eat at all ;
For, as he came in
With a squeeze and a grin,
He remarked that the hole was too small

Thus matters went on,
Till the night was gone,
And the farmer came out with a pole ;
The foxes both flew,
And one went through,
But the greedy one stuck in the hole

In the hole he stuck,
So full was his pluck,
Of the chickens he had been eating.
He could not get out,
Or turn about,
And so he was killed by beating.

☞ We regret that we are obliged, this month, to leave out a chapter of the "Story of Chicama," and a chapter of "Take Care of Number One." We trust we shall be excused, and that our young friends will be ready to welcome the new things to come in the January number of the Museum



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